

THE LILY

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WOMAN.

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THE LILY.

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For the Lily.

THE CHILD AT PRAYER.

BY BENJ. S. PARKER.

'Twas in a lone sequestered spot,
Where flowers lend their sweet perfume;
The cares of day awhile forgot,
I wandered in the evenings gloom.

When, lo, a gentle sound I heard,
Borne on the evening's balmy air—
I paused and thought that some lone bird
Was warbling forth his night song there.

Again the gentle sound arose,
Commingleing with the scented air,
And did unto my ears disclose
The voice of childhood's prayer.

Oft have I heard the fervent prayer,
Where holy Christian men do meet,
To kneel in humble submission there
At the Allwise Redeemer's feet.

But to the glorious throne above,
I ne'er have heard appeals so mild—
So full of true confiding love,
As in the prayer of that sweetchild.

He prayed for his sweet mother dear,
Who first with tender love and care,
Taught him to raise his voice so clear,
In humble and confiding prayer.

Now prays he for his sister kind;
That the Allwise one above,
Will teach the dear one still to find
And tread the path of truth and love.

Now for his friends, and for his foes—
He prays that God may, ere they die,
Teach them to labor for repose
In realms beyond the starry sky.

Next for himself in accents low,
He prays unto the Heavenly King
To teach him still his love to know,
His praises still with joy to sing.

Then came the solemn deep amen;
My listening ears they heard no more—
That voice had ceased to echo then,
And that sweet childhood prayer was o'er.

LEWISVILLE, Ind., March 1st, 1855.

Every time you avoid doing wrong,
You increase your inclination to do that which
is right.

For the Lily.

OUR JOETTE; A Stray Patch from Aunt Hannah's Quilt. Or, the Record of the Heart.

BY FRANCES D. GAGE.

CONTINUED.

Mr. English had never found it convenient to provide a home for his young wife, and as the mother, uncle Joe and Jerusha all insisted she was better off at "Sycamore Hall" than in the city, he yielded, and so spent his leisure time at the farm, hunting, fishing and enjoying life immensely on the labor of others. As the winter came on, and the roads through the country became bad, and his young wife seemed to demand his cares, he loitered day by day, week by week, till his employers grew weary and he lost his place, and so settled down quietly and contentedly by the old Colonel's fireside, only too well pleased to spend his time in singing songs, telling stories and playing old marches on his violin, and drinking cider and egg nog with the merry old man.

"Uncle Joe" saw clearly how things were going, but not more clearly than did the practical mother or thoughtful sister.

Juletta was feeble, and confined mostly to her chamber, and "dear Fred" always had a long excuse to make, for not staying with her, "because he could not get away from father. The old man was childish, and he had to stay with him," and the confiding young wife believed it all. The little one, too, grew a beauty, and engrossed so much of her time she had no leisure to think of others, never doubting but that all was right, until she was aroused from her dream of security by the announcement that her father was found dead in his bed. His whole time, for weeks before, had been given up to "Fred," whom, he told all the neighborhood, was a "devilish good fellow," "had music in him," and "kept the old man in heart."

The night previous to the fearful catastrophe, a neighbor or two of congenial taste had called in, and mirth and strong drink and gluttonous eating ruled the hour. At midnight, Uncle Joe, with deep sorrow and indignation, for the first time in his life had to carry his father to bed. Fred was scarcely less drunk, though being younger he stood it better. The neighbors were in a state of seeming helplessness. Uncle Joe retired that night with a sadder heart than had ever before throbbed in his manly bosom. What was to be done? If things went on thus, sorrow and woe would fall upon the whole family. But Joe was a philosopher, and knew that lying awake after midnight would not brighten his day dreams, so he fell asleep with the ejaculation upon his lips—"Poor, dear Ette."

But the morning brought with it new scenes and new trials. When it was ascertained that the Colonel was indeed dead, Mrs. B—— gave way to utter exhaustion, and was laid upon the bed in fainting fits. Juletta was in a condition little less terrifying, for on that fearful night she had for the first time understood fully that her husband was drunk. Uncle Joe's generosity and good-nature gave way under all these trials, and he uttered, almost unconsciously, bitter reproaches to his brother-in-law as having been the direct cause of all this evil.

Fred was high-spirited, and not being duly sober, was unduly abusive and angry, and as soon as the funeral was over, left the house, vowing that he would never return, and warning his wife to meet him at C——, whence they were to embark by steamer for the still further West.

Mrs. Brandon had received a shock too severe for her aged and worn-out frame, and in three weeks was laid beside her husband in the country church-yard, beneath the great weeping-willow her own hand had planted over a little sleeper twenty years before.

Frederick English condescended to come back to "Sycamore Hall," not so much, probably, to attend his mother's funeral as to attend the meeting of the family, who being called home on this painful occasion, concluded to make arrangements while all together, about the estate. There were no debts—uncle Joe knew better than to run in debt; every thing was right. He agreed to keep the farm at a specified price, pay the heirs by yearly instalments, and to avoid all partiality and expenses of law. This was cheerfully and readily agreed to, even by English, with the provision that he should receive enough forthwith to enable him to provide a home for Ette.

We will pass over one year, and introduce the reader to Frederick English and his wife and child in their home in one of the villages, which has since grown into a city, on the borders of the sparkling waters of Lake Michigan. In a very small frame house, with two rooms, a kitchen and setting-room, which was occupied also as a bedroom, with plain furniture, a rich home carpet of aunt Jerusha's spinning, nice bed-quilts, &c., made the room look at least comfortable. Juletta sat sewing on a pair of pantaloons, evidently not for her husband. Her eye was dull and spiritless, and her lips pale and her hand unsteady, as if she suffered greatly.

Little Joe, a very hebe in beauty, stood by her knee, lisping the half uttered word, mamma. A bright smile, evanescent as the lightning flash, passed over the features of the pale, troubled mother. Frederick came in, evidently under the influence of ardent spirits, and passing by his wife to reach the bureau behind her, threw the little one backwards upon the floor. The mother threw down her work and caught her in her arms, and to soothe her cries several times repeated the name Joe. "Hush, dear, little Joe, there, there darling, don't cry; father did not mean to hurt his little Joe."

Frederick was angry, and stood looking at the mother and child with the look of a demon; his eyes were bloodshot, his cheeks bloated. The babe became quiet under the soothing influence of its mother's voice, and dropped its little head languidly on her arm.

"Oh, see, Frederick, how pale Joe is," cried out the frightened wife.

"Oh! see, Frederick, how pale Joe is," he repeated after her, mockingly, laying a heavy stress upon the word Joe. "Why in—— don't you give that young one a decent name? Don't you never call her Joe again in my hearing. I've just got a letter from her—— old uncle, and he refuses to let me have the balance of my money; says he can't spare it till its due, unless you write for it! The old——, putting me under the control of a

petticoat! I'll fix him; there'll be an execution out to-morrow on my property, and your nice carpet has got to go, and your bureau, and—

"Oh! Frederick, no! not this carpet that sister Jerusha made for me, and that dear old bureau; that was my mother's; you would not sell them. Is there not something else?"

"I will sell them, or let the sheriff for me, which is the same thing, and the sooner the better. We can sit on bare floors as well as our neighbors, I reckon; it's a piece of extravagance any how, to have a carpet on the floor four double."

"So it is; but you know I hoped, when we made it, to have a larger room some time. I'll take it up and put it away—it's not so cold now, and we can do without it."

"I reckon, you will do without it, my fine lady," was the reply, as he went muttering from the room.

This was only a recurrence of almost daily scenes, that was wearing away the heart-strings of the child-wife. But now she would not stop to think. Joe was seriously hurt, and commenced vomiting, and Julietta forgot her own grief in her fear for her child. The next day the carpet and bureau were put under execution.

The child remained sick, having distressing fits. Frederick drank daily, but not always excessively. Yet he persisted the child should have a name, so the Joe was dropped, and the mother called her Ette for short—though in her bible she wrote her down "Joette."

Carpet, bureau, bed, fortune, all went in the course of time. All went into the dramseller's till, and at the end of ten years, Julietta, with three children, was in the house of her father, serving again beneath the protecting care of uncle Joe, and the cherishing, comforting attention of Jerusha. Frederick was a wanderer in the world—no one knew where, and Joette was a little hunchback, made so by her fall at a year old. But a face of surpassing beauty made those around her forget her deformity. Her deep blue eyes, her golden hair, her clear transparent skin, where the red and white blended so richly, made her a being of wonder to all who saw her. She was strangely beautiful in her outward form, but that dwindled into insignificance when contrasted with the incomparable virtue and loveliness of her mind.—When she was but five years old, the little dwarfed sufferer was required to be almost a woman—doing the work for her sick mother, and going forth into the cold world to ask charity for the suffering and dying. Once, when Mr. English had taken them to a large city, with the help of a sum of money gained at the gambling table, and left them in the fourth story of a hotel. Juliette grew sick; she could not go down to the dining-table, and there were no women employed about the house. One, two, three days went by, and she saw no one—her husband did not return. A few crackers and cakes which she had on hand were all exhausted. The children asked for food—little Willie moaned and begged. Hunger was gnawing at the vitals of the mother, and severe suffering pressed hard upon her. Oh, who shall depict the sorrows of the drunkard's wife, who has power to make a picture dark and fearful as the reality. She could not leave her bed—there was no bell in the wretched, unfinished garret. She called Joette, now five years old, and crushing the agony of her own body and mind, she looked the child calmly in the face:

"Joette," said she, in a cheerful tone, put on your bonnet—go down stairs, and the first man or woman you meet, stop them, look at them, and say come and see my mamma, she is very sick. Do you understand me, Joette?"

"Yes, mamma, I must say, come and see my mamma, she is sick," and I will take hold of his hand and look into his face, and say "Oh, do come, she is very sick, and then I know he will come."

The little dwarfed deformity, with her beautiful face, sallied forth, found her way down the winding stairs, through the long passages into the street, before she met any one. The first was the landlord, and walking up to him with the resolution of maturer years, she looked up in his face and said, "Please come and see my mamma, sir, she is very sick."

"And where does your mamma live, puss?"

"Come, and I'll show you," she replied, slipping

her little shriveled hand in his, and leading the way in silence to her mother's room.

The landlord was a humane man, and Julietta's sufferings were at once ameliorated. Terrible was his indignation at the brutal husband who could leave a wife, and one so young and beautiful, at such a time.

Little did he think that his own bar, in the dark place below, was the lure that had led the once kind and generous young man at this time from love and duty.

Fred had been reduced to poverty the most abject—had had a fit of delirium tremens, and when he revived, weak and reduced, and lay so helpless and quiet day after day, he had time to note the patient kindness of Juliette, he had sworn upon his sick bed to abstain from drink, and strive to be a man. With this resolution he went forth. There was no bread or meat at home; no strength in his limbs to labor, but his hands could hold the cards, and he was a skillful player. He borrowed a few shillings from one less skillful than himself, promising to share the profits of the game. He won and won again, until one hundred dollars glittered in his hands. Duly sober, he had resolution to keep so a few days, pack up, and with his wife and children leave for a neighboring city, where, as we have seen, he placed his wife in a large hotel, and left her, no doubt intending to return and care for her. Two whole weeks he had been sober, and yet every day in the way of temptation. He was still very weak, almost too weak to climb the long flight of stairs that led to her room. He had taken the cheap, unfurnished apartments, because he had not dared to tell his wife how he had gained money enough to pay for a better one: for who does not know that in sober, thoughtful moments, vice hides from the gaze of virtue. Demon, as he was when drunk, he strove to be good when sober, at least in Juliette's eyes.

He left her to go out and hunt a home in a more humble place, intending to be back before nightfall. His first sally was into the bar-room below the house. A group of gamblers were busy with their infernal work. Brandy smashes and juleps were passing freely. Tobacco and cigars rendered the air foul with their fumes. He sat down to play, showed money and was tempted to drink. He thought of his late sickness, his horrid sufferings, his wife, her situation, and his children. With a feeble effort he attempted resistance. Oh! none but those who have striven and fallen can know the impotency of such attempts, whenever mind and body are trembling and almost imbecile with recent dissipation and debauchery, sickness and debility, weak and wavering at best, what wonder he should fail now. With the images of his wife and children suffering, begging, pleading—with a full view of his own degradation lurking at him like demons, he raised the glass and emptied it at a draught.

But why follow him farther? It is but an oft-told tale. Maddened by the taste, and overcome by its power, he called for another and another glass, till he lay dead drunk upon a bench, and was carried into a back room and laid away out of sight till he should get sober enough to call for more. This thing went on for a week.

We said the landlord was a humane man, and so he was. He could relieve distress, open his hand in charity to the poor, and no beggar ever left his door uncheered. But like thousands of others, he had concluded that every man was his own master, and that he was no more responsible for his over-drinking than the butcher would be for his over-eating, if he sold him beef-steaks. In fact, he had never reflected upon the subject, and when he left the suffering wife above stairs, he bent his steps directly below to send his boy from the bar-room for a doctor, and a nurse. The first sight that met his eyes on entering his own door, was Fred English, who had emerged from the back room, and stood leaning against the frame work of the door, in an almost idiotic stupidity, begging for a dram.

"What's that drunken vagabond here, for?" said the landlord, sternly. "Have I not told you, Dennis, time and again, that I would not have such fellows about the establishment? Ship him, instant; won't have him about." "Jim, go over to

Dr. Elden's, and tell him I want him directly; if he is not at home, go for Dr. Parker, and then, Jim, run round the corner and tell Maggie Dawson I want her."

Jim disappeared, and the landlord turned again to the miserable man in the door-way, who stood holding out a half dollar, beseechingly.

"Here, you miserable fool, there's the doorway—begone with you, or I'll send for a policeman, and have you off to the work-house; begone, I say."

Fred had no drink for twenty-four hours. The bar-keeper had become weary of him and would not take his money. He gave him food, and begged him to leave. But Fred insisted that his wife and children were up stairs, and on looking at the books he found it so; and knowing that he should be reprimanded by his employer if he found out how things had been going, he tried to make the poor wretch sober enough to go above stairs.

"Tramp, I say," says the landlord. Fred advanced a step or two—pale, haggard, with red bleared eyes, matted hair and bloated cheeks, filthy from a whole week's debauch, trembling in every limb, the fires of hell consuming him, and yet not quite senseless, with enough of manhood in him to remember his wife and children. With confused ideas he cried out, as his gaunt limbs tottered under him, "Don't, landlord—don't turn me out. I'll pay—let me go up stairs; Juliette and the baby's there, and Joette, too; she's pretty, landlord, if she is hunchbacked! I'll go right up, there; I've got money!" So the half-crazed, half-bewildered, half-sober husband spoke out his incoherent thoughts.

Oh, God! that such a man should be a husband and a father!

"Joette, pretty hunchback," said the landlord, striking his soft palm against his forehead; "can it be possible, that under my own roof, at my own bar, has been wrought all this misery and woe?"

"Dennis, take that man"—the landlord spoke low and subdued—"take that man up stairs, put him up into twenty-two, wash him, have him shaved—don't give him any more drink; have him a good cup of coffee, put him to bed, and lock him in till morning."

"Yes, sir," said Dennis.

"Thank'ee, sir," said Fred, with a grin, "just the thing; only won't you let me have one more dram; I'll pay for it, landlord—I will."

"Not a drop," thundered the landlord, "take him away." Back and forth strode the landlord, in deep thought.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

A lady sends us the following terse remarks extracts from a private letter from Mrs. Charlotte Fowler Wells:

"Is it not glorious that the world of women are awakening to thought and practical common sense, and learning wisdom, even through great suffering—such, for instance as Mrs. B—

"And then the Bloomer dress is also to be, in one sense, a redeemer. Not that I think it will be adopted as a general costume, but it is a great relief to the few who have the courage to experience it for themselves. Drugs and drug doctors have reigned almost long enough; but the greatest blow that male physicians can endure, is now accumulating in the form of female physicians.—The water cure will be adopted by them to a much greater extent than it would have been without them, and we know that water leaves no drugs in the system to weaken and sicken a person at the first cold or over exertion, to say nothing of its preventive effects. Woman has a mission, and each one in a different direction. Your position is an important one, I know mine to be very important, nor does the thought make me falter or shrink. It is in my power to do much, though it is in a very quiet style, and that is my preference. The penant of a ship has its use, and is the observance of all observers, but the rudder is much more useful, though unseen and unthought of. * * *

With regard to the subject of Woman's Rights we shall have much to contend with, and help from those with whom we do not sympathise in some views should not be repelled."

AUNT DALES' LETTER.

The "Ups and Downs" of Life—Proposed Improvement in Society—Treatment of Servants and Inferiors.

DEAR EDITOR:—My spectacles have been brightened; the nice escritoir, your brother presented to me, lies open. I cannot be contented with all these accidental circumstances so favorable, without presenting you a sketch of my last observation. I promised you something about the lady round the corner. Three years ago she lived in a large building and had her kitchen girl and chambermaid: now she has to do her own work, for a few boarders and hardly feeds her own little family at that. Three years ago she called on the ladies of this village, and proposed that only those who were able to keep help, should associate together. Much credit to the common sense still left, the proposal was rejected and she had to float along, a tolerated gentility. As for evincing the least interest in the girls who worked for her, it was not to be thought of. At one time her girl was attacked with the measles, and it was the fourth day before she visited her in her hot bed room, off from the kitchen. Poor Jane was taken away by one of those unpretending ladies, whose quiet philanthropy is generally all sufficient for any affliction. Time passed on, and this very girl married her good friend's son, which at once raised her to opulence, while her former mistress was reduced to comparative poverty by the death of her husband and the confused state of his affairs. She is now happy if she can but get a bow from her former housemaid. Still, like all coarse minds, under lace and satin, she maintains, that all "adversity to herself, is an affliction, and to her friends, a judgment." For my part, I like to see "pride have a fall." I came from Yankee land where conscience is not a scarce article of commerce in society; where, if woman bears down unjustly upon those whose sphere is a little different, straight way she feels the neglect of her friends, and, if she has any heart, the gnawings of self accusation. I never could see why, if woman wanted to have the name of christian, she should act far beneath the heathen.

Ah! we have the heathen in our own country when man forgets man, and woman forgets woman. But I will close, for age and scandal makes me garrulous.

You may hear again from

LIZZY DALE.

For the Lily.

THE FIEND FRIEND.

Some years since, I took up my residence in a small but very pleasant village in Northern Ohio. Among the acquaintances, soon formed, was Mr. Orton and wife. They were a young couple just married, and from the circumstances that surrounded them, and their natural and acquired abilities, they were capacitated to enjoy a long, happy and useful life. I could hardly picture to myself a greater Eden than that which seemed to open before them, unless it was that given to our first Parents. Indeed it has often occurred to me, as I have met them arm in arm, while the sun was declining in the western horizon, or at evening in the pale light of the moon, as they strolled along some meandering brook, or through some shady grove, that they fitly personated the primeval pair in their pristine Paradise. And often, since, has it more forcibly occurred to me, after witnessing the baneful effects of the fell Tempter who invaded their sanctuary and imbibed the fountain of every stream that watered their felicity.

Mr. Orton was a young man of uncommon promise, kind, generous and obliging, with an address and personal appearance captivating. His moral principles were unexceptionable, and his mind was cultivated and well stored with useful knowledge. In addition to his superior intellectual endowments, his honest heart overflowed with human kindness. His wife possessed every female grace and accomplishment, that should adorn the partner of the man I have described, or that was necessary to fit her to smooth the sorrows and double the joys of his life. Thus I knew them in their days of promise and happiness; and before the Tempter came. Even, for some few years I knew them thus; while every year added to Mr.

Orton, name, influence and friends; and bound more closely, his amiable wife by the cords of sympathy and love, to the society in which they lived.

As years rolled on Mr. Orton became more and more popular, succeeding in every effort in his daily avocations, and in acquiring and holding the confidence and esteem of nearly all who knew him. He was promoted to offices of honor, profit and trust. In all, he acquitted himself to the satisfaction of his friends and patrons, and especially so, as an advocate, and as the representative of Justice on the Bench. In these halcyon days of the young life of Mr. Orton, blessings were multiplied on blessing. To his fireside were added pledges of domestic confidence and love, and not a cloud obscured the bright rays of his sun as it rose towards its meridian splendor.

But in this state of almost perfect felicity, Mr. Orton was approached by a Fiend under the garb and blandishments of a confidential Friend. Mr. Orton was naturally ambitious, his mind was lofty and aspiring, at the same time his sympathies and natural goodness of heart qualified him for the choicest of boon companions. These traits of character rendered his conquest by the adversary, the more easy and sure, by his assuming the character of a friend in which to approach him.

He represented to Mr. Orton that he numbered in the circle of his friends and confidants, all the whole-souled, generous and warm-hearted. That if Mr. Orton would but yield to his influence and directions he would be convinced, that to him belonged the life and vivifying spirit of all real sociability and fraternal enjoyment. With many doubts and misgivings Mr. Orton was let by the fascinating wiles of his deceiver, into a select circle of his admirers and trained adherents. The song went round, wit poured forth as by intuition, mirth and unbounded confidence pervaded the entire group, problems in the sciences and arts were elucidated; forensic research and legal love burst forth with the meteor's blaze, and universal good-will, fraternal love with hilarity saturated the very atmosphere they breathed. Mr. Orton was fascinated, entranced, this appeared to him to be a field suited to his fondest wishes. The more so, as the greatest statesmen and most brilliant orators of the age were shown to be members of this happy and convivial fraternity; and the exalted eminences they occupied in the estimation of the nation, was claimed to be mostly due to the influence and promptings of the all pervading spirit of their host, and that his favors could equally exalt any aspiring genius. In the simplicity of his honest heart, and under the influence of excitement, and the unsuspecting and generous impulses of his youth, Mr. Orton could see no evil mingling with all this apparent good, and borne on by the sympathies and influences of those around him, he became happy as the happiest; became one of them, he had yielded up the first point in the fortification of his manly virtues, he was an admirer and votary to the master spirit, who had shown him such especial favors.

The first breach was made. It must be widened. The Friend had more favors to dispense. He represented to Mr. Orton that although his home circle was a Paradise, yet there were choise flowers that bloomed outside the pale, of rare beauty and loveliness, that might be had merely by the efforts, and without adding one thorn to those within. That his friendship and confidence was all that was necessary to a sure passport and ready introduction to all such. Mr. Orton had already yielded the first and main point. The resistance on the second was less, especially as in proof of these assertions, numbers of the fraternity brought forth specimens from their extra floral kingdom, which Mr. Orton, in his unguarded excitement and misguided imagination admitted as testimony demonstrated; failing to notice that they were all faded and dying from the sting of the poisonous canker worm that nestled at their hearts core.

A second and immensely important bastion had fallen. The breach was thus extended. The enemy could now pass and repass the very threshold of the sanctuary of Mr. Orton's hearth. The citadel was now attacked from without and from within. Point after point gave way, and evil run riot with Mr. Orton's heart. In order to the ways

and means, to sustain and support this career in its various phases and windings, it was prominently inculcated in the mind of Mr. Orton, that the long and tedious process of honest labor and industry could be materially abridged, by dealing in a certain kind of paper and choice metals. The complete success of these financial operations was attested by many of the fraternity, and not doubted by others, and the chief sachem, Mr. Orton's choice friend, and by this time, guardian spirit, claimed to preside over this entire matter, and knew it was not only a safe business, but paid well.

The bait took, Mr. Orton was sold body and mind to this arch Friend, the pretended Friend; who played with his passions; belauded his intellect; sapped every foundation of moral rectitude in his principles; estranged him from his once happy home, from the caress and embrace of his amiable wife, weakened his parental affections for his innocent babes, even the crowing and infantile pranks of his cherub boy could not hold him in that happy home, nor could the increasing interest and solicitude implanted in every parents breast for those lovely girls almost budding into womanhood, restrain the wanderings and hold in their family circle the changed but still almost adored father.

Changed indeed was Mr. Orton, but still dear to his family. His wife knew him, as the being who had won her young hearts first love, and instead of boastings and upbraidings, exerted her every effort, by kindness and endearments to reclaim and restore him to his former self. She like a true woman, as she was, hoped on, and hoped ever. He was still her husband, the father of her idol children, and without sympathizing with his degradation or partaking knowingly in his guilt, she still clung to him as a ministering and interceding Angel for his reformation. Those little ones knew him only as father, and loved him as such, while they were perfectly unconscious in the innocence of their childhood, of the bitter draught he was preparing for their more matured lips from the chalice already provided.

Mr. Orton's business was always pressing, and much of it away, and shrouded in mystery. His visits home became less frequent. He had urgent affairs in different sections of the State, and often in adjoining States. His old and true friends became alarmed for his safety, and the welfare of his family. They expostulated, reasoned and pled, but to no purpose. Tie after tie, that held him to the honorable, the virtuous and the good, in succession gave way, while the influence and promptings of the spirit that controlled him, was as ever present as his shadow, and he was bound down by multiplying bands, plaited and woven around him, until he was helpless as the fly in the fatal web. Occasionally his judgment and reason would shine forth for a moment like the sun from the dark murky clouds that had obscured its brightness, and he would at such times admit his errors and dangers and promise amends, and even for a short time would act consistent with statements. But these good and apparently honest professions proved like the fluttering of the doomed bird under the fascinating gaze of the serpent, and like it, each effort seemed to serve only to draw him nearer the fatal gulph that yawned to receive him.

But a few short years more, sufficed. Mr. Orton made his last and final visit to his disconsolate and broken hearted family. His mind wandering. His nervous system a wreck. His whole being a mass of disease. The sick couch held the remnant of what was once a man, but now a demented maniac. Reason had left her throne, or if she manifested herself at all, it was to know in his true character, the Fiend Friend, that had allured Mr. Orton on to ruin, and whom she delineated to his victim as *Legions*, and of every shape and form of hideousness that a distempered imagination could invent, or that conscience, no longer slumbering, could call forth to annoy conscious guilt, as an atonement for past errors and wrong doings.

But this proved nothing more than the last glimmer of the taper of life before its final extinction, although the facts disclosed by it to the agonized mind of Mr. Orton were but too true.

The fountain of his being was broken up, and his spirit passed away.

Mr. Ortons funeral expenses were defrayed by some old friends of his better days, and the bereaved widow and helpless little ones left penniless on the cold charity of the world. The pen cannot paint the emotion of my mind as I saw him clothed for the tomb, and that lovely family taking their last and final gaze of the form that once gave every promise and had been dearer to them than all earth besides.

Oft have I passed the hillock, that marks the resting place of my young acquaintance, but never without an anguished emotion. And as often have I passed the residence of the bereaved partner; who, although again settled in life and apparently surrounded with all the comforts that wealth can procure, still gives evidence of the mourner, and of doubtful happiness. And those orphan children I often meet, and fear that their moral training and future welfare is a problem that time alone can solve.

Gentle Reader, our tale is done, but it is no fiction or offshot from an excited or heated imagination. The incidents are founded on facts, its only qualification is; that it is *too true*. Would you know the *Fiend Friend*? Perchance he is now an associate of a dear and loved Companion; an inmate of your own dwelling, a member at your very hearthstone. The prompter and confidential adviser of an honored and affectionate Father, or loved Brother, or of an idolized son, or of an adored Lover. If so, he is even now sapping the foundations of their moral principles. He is folding around them the coils of inevitable ruin, unless his fascinating spell is broken. His Basalisk eye is upon them. He is even now feeling for their heartstrings. It is Alcohol. The Demon Alcohol, whether as Beer, Cider, Wine, Porter, Brandy, or of whatever name, is the compound that contains it.

And of a truth, Mr. Orton at least, divined rightly, and judged truly, when, as he passed from the world, he named him Legions.

February 26th. 1855.

VERITAS.

For the Lily.

LETTER FROM LYDIA JANE PIERSON.

ADRIAN, Feb. 19, 1855.

MRS. MARY B. BIRDSALL.—*Dear Madam:* I have received three numbers of the Lily, but do not know whether they were sent from the publication office, or whether I am indebted for them to the courtesy of some friend. If the former, there remains yet a question: were they sent merely as a compliment, or did they come to challenge a correspondence? If the latter, I shall be happy to speak now and then, through the medium of your columns.

Perhaps I know less about Woman's rights than her wrongs; but right or wrong, I contend that whatsoever man is capable of learning, understanding, doing or enduring, woman is capable of attaining, performing and passing through with as much of intellect, more of energy, and far greater strength of endurance.

I maintain, also, that by nature as many males as females are inclined to dependence—to lie supinely on the protection and providence of a sustaining arm. How many of our male acquaintances are effeminate, triflers, cowardly or indolent? Yet they are husbands and fathers. Some female child, in the fanatical romance which is mis-called love, chose to fancy that she should be perfectly happy with one of them. Is it not singular that parents consider their daughters qualified to take a step on which their whole life's comfort and happiness depends, at an age at which a boy is not deemed competent to choose and purchase himself a coat?

Well, these married children become women, and are forced to look down upon their legal head, and the worst of the business is, that the less competent a man is to manage his affairs, the more vehemently does he spurn at a woman's council.—When she ventures to suggest that an investment will not pay, or that a speculation will eventuate disastrously, she is commanded to mind her own business, and not interfere with her husband's bargains. Of course, it is none of her business wheth-

er she has a house to live in, or bread to eat—whether her children are well clothed and fed, or whether they are outcast and degraded. Oh, no! her husband's prosperity or adversity is none of her business, until the *reverse* arrives—then, notwithstanding she has foreseen it all, and warned her husband, has entreated, has wept, and endured rebuke, wrath, ridicule, the evil that she was afraid of comes. She knows that it might have been averted—knows that if her council had been regarded, all would still be well. Oh, what a trial of the soul is this! Ought she to share the poverty and disgrace which she might and would have averted? Certainly she ought; she must cling to him in adversity—cheer him with smiles—comfort him with loving words—and never wound him by intimating, even by an expression of regret, that he has wasted her individual property, as well as his own. Such an intimation would be shrewish, cruel, UNWOMANLY.

The half-witted husband meant well—he would not be advised; he must not be reproved. No, he must be soothed. His wife must go down with her children into the black realm of poverty, neglect, privation and toil. She must also go *cheerfully*. There is no form of martyrdom to compare with this. There is no intelligent creature able to endure it but a woman.

Then she sees her children sinking to the level of the poor little vagabond in the street. She cannot endure this greatest evil—they must be sustained and saved. She looks into her own nature, searching for power she cannot find elsewhere. Then she discovers her own strength, her own dormant capabilities, her fitness for the office of guardian and provider for her children. But—the fields in which, if she were a man, she might gather an abundant supply, are hedged and barred against the intrusion of a woman! She must crush down her soul, smother her aspirations, conceal the germs of genius, lock up the knowledge of her own capacity, and lend her spirits to the dull monotony of woman's work, in *woman's sphere*! Soul-cramping, life-ennervating, incessant toil, for which she is *paid* as much per month as a man receives for a day of active, mind-invigorating labor.

Has not woman always seen, always felt the bitter injustice of a lot like this? If a man is silly, does not his wife know it? If he is dishonorable does she not feel it? If he is a brute or a demon, does she not understand it? Does woman love the fiend when he emerges, sneering, from the disguise of the lover? No, I assure you, NO! But custom, the world's opinion, and education, social and religious, chain her to the Promethean rock, where she endures the gnawings, not of one vulture upon her liver, but of a brood of voracious cares, shame, fears and agonies, upon her brain and heart.

I used to say there is no help for woman, no redemption. Human law chains her to her lot; divine law, as we receive it, has appointed as her portion, pain, servitude, and subjection. And then my spirit, in its ineffective rebellion cried out—there is no such thing as justice, on earth or in the universe. I sometimes ventured to intimate that woman was oppressed, but the pantalooned conductors of the Press always *suppressed* all such sentiments.

But the morning star of a better day is gleaming on the horizon, and I, for one, shout hallelujah to it.

Yours, sincerely,

LYDIA JANE PIERSON.

For the Lily.

A LETTER FROM ROSETTA GERE.

DEAR MRS. BIRDSALL.—I cannot refrain from expressing my pleasure on reading an article in the last Lily, copied from the *Contra Costa*, concerning the bright medal—a tobacco pledge, which it is said the girls of Boston wear. It does me good to hear something said on this subject; and I earnestly hope the Boston girls will not be the only ones who will awake to the realizing sense that something must be done with this deep-rooted evil. Indeed, I have long thought if women would more earnestly show their disapprobation for the filthy habit men have of using tobacco, there would be less of it, and in time a thorough reform. I know it would be a hard task to reform

an old chewer or smoker—harder than to reclaim the drinker; in fact, a man who both drinks and chews, told me to-day, he could give up his liquor, but his tobacco he could not and would not give up. Such is the strong hold it takes on the man, that he will endure almost any thing rather than give it up. I know two men that have chewed since their youth, who are dreadfully afflicted with palsy, undoubtedly caused by tobacco, yet will not give it up, and I verily believe they will quit this mortal clay with a quid in their mouths.

But it is with the youths of the country that we must battle. They must be made to understand the evil in all its aspects, and to well understand what a deplorable condition a man is in when he cannot stand up and call himself a man, without being stimulated by tobacco or wine. Now, I consider that we women have to suffer the nuisance most grievously, and I think while we are in the field of reform, we had better go anti-tobacco, strong. God never designed that any human being should use it, and there is not sufficient excuse for its being cultivated at all, though they say it will kill nits on sheep and poodles; yet I think enough can be found growing spontaneous for that purpose. It is probable the money expended in the United States, yearly, would support every pauper within its limits. I have presumed to write this, knowing that the Lily aims at universal reforms; and hoping some person more capable to do the subject justice, will both write and speak on it.

Miss Lucy Stone passed through our city some two weeks since, and favored us with three lectures, which were well attended. About the time she was here, petitions were being circulated for the enfranchisement of woman, and a goodly number of names were enrolled; and I am told the Mayor of our city was so pleased with the privilege of signing his name, and fearing we were too late, remarked we had better reserve the names until the next session. They were sent up, but too late for any action. So you see the ladies of Michigan must wait patiently for some time yet.

Yours, ever, in the cause,

ROZETTA GERE.

For the Lily.

Every Day Scenes in Country Life—No. 2.

BY META MILWOOD.

"Please, ma'am, can you give mother some work," came to my ears in a sweet, plaintive voice. I started at a sound so musical, and turning quickly round beheld a little girl of seven or eight summers. She was neatly, though poorly clad, and her sweet, intelligent face, was partially hid by a shower of golden curls which had escaped the confines of her sun bonnet.

"Come here," I said, encouragingly, (for the little one seemed to shrink from my enquiring look,) "and tell me whose little girl you are."

"My mother is Mrs. Green."

"O, yes, I understand now. You belong to the family, who live on Mr. Goodwin's place. What is your name?"

"Lilly Graves."

"Graves! and your mother's name is Green.—Then your own father is not living?"

"No, ma'am, he died a long time ago, when Freddy was a little baby, and Freddy is four years old, and he is blind."

"Where did you live when your father died?"

"In W——th."

"I used to have some acquaintance there. Was Elder Graves a relation of your father?"

"They called my pa Elder Graves."

"Is it possible! and stopping, I gently drew back the clustering curls, and scanned more minutely the features which, from her first appearance, had seemed not altogether unfamiliar. They bore the impress of both parents, with whom in former days I had enjoyed a passing acquaintance but of whose history for the last few years I had known nothing, and feeling satisfied that I was not mistaken, I said, "Lilly, dear, your mother was a friend of mine, and I shall be most happy to meet her and renew our former acquaintance. Are your brothers and sisters with her?"

"Sarah and Marti", and George and little Fred-

dy are there; but pa Green wouldn't have Eliza and Charles. He said they must take care of themselves. And he didn't want Sarah to come here, but ma was so feeble she said she couldn't get along without her."

"And your mother wants work?"

"Yes, ma'am, she says she must do something to get some flour. Pa went away last Monday, and told us he should not come back, and he did not leave us any flour, and we have not had any bread since."

The artless tale of the child awakened my curiosity, as well as sympathy, and giving her something for the relief of present necessity, I bade her tell her mother I would see her on the morrow. Calling on my neighbor, Mrs. R., I stated to her what I had learned, and we both upbraided ourselves for so long neglecting to find out the wants of those around us, who stand in the relationship of sisters and brethren in the great family of Humanity. The next afternoon found us at the poor dwelling place of Mrs. Green. Could it be my former friend, the cheerful, matronly and benignant Mrs. Graves, that came forth to meet us? It was indeed, but how changed! She seemed but the shadow of her former self. Grief, bitter grief, and corroding care had traced their deep furrows on her otherwise fair brow, and cruel oppression, too, had left there its unmistakable impress. Seated within the dwelling which contained many evidences of the neatness and frugality of its mistress, as well as relics of former comforts, I begged that for the benefit of my friend, Mrs. R., Mrs. Green might give us a summary of her history, (with which I was myself already partially acquainted,) which she did in substance as follows:

I early lost my parents, and was adopted into the family of Mr. —, a wealthy New England farmer, where I was kindly brought up. At seventeen I married and removed to this State—then the far West. My husband's name was Grant. He was a kind husband, noble and generous, but he was poor. When we arrived in W—, then a new settlement in the wilderness, we had little left but our own furniture, which my foster parents had liberally supplied me, and our hands to work with. But we were all ambition—all hope. We worked hard and made our payments regularly, and at the end of four years we owed but fifty dollars. Our hopes were high. Another year would secure to us our much loved home, which, from the care and labor we had already bestowed upon it, already presented a cheering aspect. But alas! (here the narrative was interrupted by sobs and tears,) sickness came. A year passed and nothing, save distress, accumulated. My husband died, leaving me with an infant but a few months old in my arms. Scarcely were the funeral obsequies over, before I was notified to leave the premises. In consequence of a failure to make the regular payments, the land had reverted to its owner, one of those land sharks who live by human prey, and had been transferred to another. I will not dwell on the months which immediately followed; suffice it to say, I obtained a subsistence for myself and child by menial labor, first in one place and then in another.

At the end of two years, our minister buried his wife, and was left with five small children. Elder Graves was a man much esteemed and beloved, and when he came and offered to share his home with me, and besought me to be a mother to his children, duty, as well as inclination urged me to accept him. But I soon found the truth of the common saying verified, that ministers have the worst children in the world. Their mother had been a feeble woman and sadly failed in the training of her children, while the time and labors of the father, in a sparsely settled country demanding much missionary labor, were mostly consumed abroad. However, I resolved to persevere in the way of duty, and as a means of avoiding as much as possible all family dissension, I tore myself from my little Willie, the darling of my heart, and committing him to the care of a kind generous relative of his fathers, devoted all my energies to the children of my husband; and felt amply repaid by my consciousness of right, and my husband's just appreciation of my efforts. I reared all those children, and saw them well settled in life. Six more of my own were added to this number, when

again the summons came to me to resign the husband and father. Calling his eldest children to his bedside, Elder Graves exhorted them to remember the kindness of her who had been to them a mother, and who was about to be left with a young and dependent family on her hands. "Leave to her," said he, "the use of this little home upon which you have been reared, and assist her to bring up the little ones, and may a father's blessings rest upon you." He was consigned to the tomb, and his dying injunction unheeded. Each clamored for his share. A meagre portion was set off for my use, and the expenses of administration consumed much of the remainder. Finding it impossible to support my family on the small portion allowed me by law, without assistance, I was induced, after a few months, to accept the proposals of Mr. Green, a widower, without children, and of small property, but who as a parishioner and friend of Elder Graves, professed the greatest interest in the welfare of his family. But no sooner were we united in marriage, than he commenced a series of unrelenting persecution towards my poor unoffending children, in hope, as I believe, of inducing me to put them away. For the two eldest, I found homes in the families of friends, but no threats or persecutions could induce me to part with my little, dependent ones, now doubly dear from the absence of all sympathy from him, who should be to them a protection. Finding that his course was attracting attention in the neighborhood, where we had many friends, he insisted upon removing us here, where he said he had an advantageous offer for business. But I soon found that it was only to renew his persecution with ten fold more vigor. After bringing us from our comfortable cottage into this miserable hovel, he insisted upon the little ones passing their evenings alone in that old dark outer room, without fire or candle, and if yielding to their pitiful entreaties, I took my knitting and sat with them in the dark, while he could enjoy his lighted room and book or paper undisturbed, he would accuse me of ingratitude and inconstancy. Sometimes he would not eat if one of the children were allowed to come to the table. And finding all this unavailing, he has left me, saying that he shall not return until I will consent to bind out my children. He thinks I will be driven to do so, but (and she clasped the little blind one convulsively to her bosom,) never, never shall I leave my children for one so lost to all humanity. My respect for him has ceased, and now that he has publicly disgraced me, he must remain alone. I have written to William, giving him an account of my situation, and I feel assured he will hasten to the relief of his mother, and little brothers and sisters.

"What a comment upon our laws," remarked my friend, as we pursued our way homeward; "and is this really the boasted protection to the widow and fatherless?"

"Could you not overcome your prejudices sufficiently to cast a vote for the reformation of such laws?" I answered.

"Yes, I wish I had a thousand such votes to cast. Henceforth, I am an unyielding advocate of Woman's Rights."

Wellington, Lorain county, O.

From the *Templar and Watchman*.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

Don't be alarmed gentle reader, we are not going to say anything very witty, yet very severe about "Woman's Rights," as they are termed. This subject has been ably handled by those women who have taken the field in support of their claims. But the attention of our Legislature, at Albany, is being called to the question of suffrage for women, as well as men. Not only there, but throughout the country, the subject is attracting the attention of a large class of the thinking men of the age. That all which is put forth on this subject is truth, we cannot admit; but no one can deny that there is much truth in the charge that woman has rights of which she is now deprived by both common and statute law. The question of woman's right to vote is, of course, a debatable question; though we are free to confess we cannot discover why taxation and representation ought not to be inseparable as much in the case of the woman as the man. The man who barely

knows enough to keep his hands out of the fire, or go in when it rains very hard, though he may not pay a single cent to support the various parts of the government, we clothe with the dignity of a sovereign; and he swaggers about the polls as big a democrat or whig as Gen. CASS or Wm. H. SEWARD; and by his vote, perhaps, decides who shall be president of the republic—while a woman, no matter if she has the intellect of a SIGOURNEY or a STOWE, and may pay ten thousand dollars tax every year, has no access to the ballot box. Our common sense tells us this is not equal or just. As what would be the effect upon man or woman were the elective franchise extended to her, we do not see so clearly. That it would have a tendency to add a few rough corners to her now, in some instances almost too feminine character, we have no doubt; but that it would also quicken and strengthen her intellectual powers, we have also no doubt. We believe on the whole, it would enlarge the intellectual powers of the race; and in the place of the now too much sickly effeminacy which "gives its whole mind" to a "miwaculous tie" of a cravat—or the "flam" of a skirt, we should have thinking, sensible men and women. Our women have vastly too little intellectual effort. Where would be our great thinkers, and originators of new developments in science or literature, were our men to spend their hours day after day and year after year, as soon as they leave the school room, in nursing babies, cooking dinners, or dressing for company?

These things, of course, must be done; and it ought to be a high ambition of women to have them well done. But these works alone will not enlarge the intellect, and give woman power to impart to her offspring the higher intellectual qualities, so desirable. Let woman, then, be placed in a position to grapple with men the political question of the day, many of which are so vitally freighted with weal or woe to woman's destiny—the destiny of her children—and ere many generations pass, the race of intellectual giants, which seem at the present time to be passing away, will again make its appearance in renewed greatness.

Even if this grappling with politics does in some instances debase the mind of woman, we believe her presense and co-operation in the political campaign, would result in a softening of the asperities, and produce a refining effect upon the men, which would amply compensate the whole mass for the little injurious effect upon woman. And as we ought to look for the greatest good to the greatest number, we ought not to oppose the "fusion." Now, there is no harmony in political affairs. The woman knows nothing about them, and does nothing—the men know it all, and do too much.

But whatever may be the opinion at present with regard to woman's voting, there are other things which all admit are wrong; and we are glad our Legislature are coming to right that wrong.

The bill now before the Legislature, and which we publish in another portion of the *Templar & Watchman*, provides that any married woman whose husband, either from drunkenness, profligacy, or any other cause, shall neglect or refuse to provide for her support, or for the support and education of her children, and any married woman who may be deserted by her husband, shall have the right, in her own name, to transact business, and to receive and collect her own earnings; and the earnings, and the earnings of her minor children, and apply the same for her own support and the education of her children, free from the control and interference of her husband. Other sections give her the right to bind out the minor children, and make it necessary hereafter to the validity of every indenture, that the mother of the child, if she be living with her husband, shall consent to the same writing.

These and other enactments are loudly called for, and we hope the Legislature will act upon the same in the right direction.

These things will be brought about in time. The BROWNS, STONES and ANTHONYS are abroad; and the people are becoming convinced of the incorrectness of many of our laws; and they will ere long be corrected.

"Fret not thyself because of evil men."

For the Lily.

WOMAN A PEER;

Or, an Inquiry into the Principles upon which Woman bases her claim to be heard in the premises of the drunkards reformation, or other reformatory movements of the day, by a Vindicator of "Woman's Rights," in a series of letters addressed to a lady.

LETTER FIRST.

MY DEAR MADAM:—It is a fact well known to yourself that there are many women in society, good pious professors of christianity, orthodox as the pulpit itself, who are horror-struck at the idea of a woman speaking in public. She may sing in public, sing to the top of her voice, sing with men, sing temperance, love or divine songs, but she must not *speak* in meeting; if she does, she is immediately arraigned before the tribunal of public opinion, and like Prometheus, is accused of having stolen from heaven the celestial fire of reason. She is then condemned without judge or jury, and sentenced to be branded in the forehead in large capital letters, "Male Spirited." She is then handed over to the tender mercy of Dr. Mandarill, who pronounces her an "Hybrid"—a creature possessing the nature of the two sexes, but belonging to neither. She is then like Mahomet's coffin, suspended betwixt heaven and earth, as a being unfit for either.

Now why all this outcry about a woman speaking in public. Has not God conferred on her the powers of speech, to whom alone, and His laws, is she responsible for the use or abuse of them?

Is woman acting without permission or warrant in the premises? If so let us tear down her standard, haul off her banner, blot out her motto of "Equal Right," although written by a sunbeam from heaven, and insert in its place, Maledom, universal Maledom, now and forever! But if, upon investigation, it should appear that she hath a "thussaith the Lord" for her warrant, we will not impede her progress, but let her, like Bunyon's Pilgrim, go on her way rejoicing; for, like him, she will have to climb the hill difficulty. But, perhaps, like him, too, she may sing (the women, you know, are allowed to sing.)

"The hill that we climb is craggy and high,
Tho' time it is short and danger is nigh."

I trust that woman will never get into Giant Despair's doubting castle, altho' old Apolyon should bestride her path and swear, as he did to pilgrim, that by his infernal den he should go no farther. They will persevere in the even tenor of their way, rejoicing in hope, till they reach the topstone with shouting and joy; notwithstanding the horror-stricken matrons or the aspiring matrimonial maidens should write them "male-spirited," "masculine," "Hybrid," or other epithets, supposed to be derogatory to the female character; often exclaiming "we have all the rights we want;" and thus strengthening the bands of rum-sellers, rum-suckers, whisky advocates, together with the small-fry of the Stygian lake, the genteel supporters of the drinking saloon; the cigar man, the card shuffler, who puffs his cigar, deals out his cards, drinks his brandy and gin, sips his coffee, and eats oysters, while his children are shivering with cold at home, and his wife is at the loom or wash-tub, to earn bread for crying children. The woman who opposes the elevation of her sex to the equality of their fellow men, sins against the laws of her being, (as we shall show in its proper place;) and however insensible she may be to it, is contributing her mite to the fashionable follies of the day—burnishing the chains that binds her to a prescribed sphere, like a door to its post, clinging to their supposed support; and neglecting their own God-given powers, which, for want of proper cultivation and action, have been almost extinct; and substituting in their place a kind of Spaniel-like fawning, smiling under the lash at which they dare not frown.

The elevation of woman to all the privileges enjoyed by her fellow man, does not in the least derogate from the prerogatives of man (but add to) any more than Fulton's application of Steam to the power of locomotion derogated from Morse's in saddling the electric fluid upon the telegraphic wire. The perfection of each principle, tho' widely different in their natures, has been a world-wide

benefit to mankind. So with the principles love and wisdom, which man and woman represents here upon earth. The perfection of the two principles would be a blessing to mankind. Love, with man, is but an episode, while with woman, it is innate; while wisdom is the prerogative with man. You will permit me here to remark, that the representative is not the thing represented; therefore, man is not always wise nor woman lovely, but this does not destroy their representative character.—It is my firm belief in the existence of the two principles above hinted at, that leads me to the conclusion that men and women ought to be associated in all the business of life, from the highest offices of Legislation, to the fireside of the cabin. Let love and wisdom be united in the government of the world, and what could hinder its being heavenly. It was wisdom that created the world, but it was love that redeemed it. God so loved the world, that he gave his son to redeem it.—Did woman hold an equal share in the government of the world, as God assigned her, wars would cease—as few women would sustain a measure that would make her home desolate, her children orphans, and herself a widow.

The clanking chains of slavery would be heard no more; the death penalty would be softened, and man would no longer be the legalized butcher of his race—our courts of judicature would mete out equal justice, not forgetting the laws of humanity. No fugitive slave law would disgrace our statute books, no woman burned upon the funeral pile of her husband, no female infant thrown into the Ganges to save it from the trouble that awaited it in a state of womanhood; and the woman of these United States would be tried agreeably to the constitution, which provides that no person be condemned without "a trial by a jury of their peers." When did you ever hear of a woman being tried by a jury of women. Male Sheriff, male lawyer, male jury, male judge, we could scarcely expect an impartial trial.

I have now, my dear madam, given you just the outlines of my views upon the subject of woman's elevation to all the rights and privileges enjoyed by man, and the effect it would have upon the government of the world, and the destinies of mankind; leaving the outline to be filled up in some future letter, from Bible history.

As woman, now, in the circumscribed sphere to which she is chained, wields the moral sceptre of the universe, being, by nature, more temperate, chaste, loving, self-denying; more steady in her attachments, more domestic in her habits than man. It is very unwise, this classing of her as she is classed, with minors, idiots, and insane persons. They have no political existence, being governed by laws in which they have no voice in making. But let her influence be as defusive as the light, and as genial as the sunshine of heaven. We think it high time to restore to woman her lost dignity, her legitimate rights; and, as a part of humanity, let her have room to unfold her faculties, and by reforming herself, reform mankind.

It is now almost six thousand years that woman has been presented to the world as a condemned criminal, accused of having brought misery and death upon the whole human family; not natural death, but death and damnation eternal. And the pulpit and press, since we have had them, have been loud and long in their anathemas against our first frail mother, and her weak and erring daughters. This heavy accusation, this mildew of the soul, like a horrid incubus, has enchained all the noble faculties of the female mind and dragged her soaring opinions down to the earth. But, thanks to the light of science which now sheds a heavenly ray upon our long night of darkness and degradation in the light of the New Jerusalem that is now descending from God, out of heaven, the mystic veil has been rent assunder, and woman is no longer the condemned criminal that brought misery and death upon the whole human family. She can now assert her claims to her divinely chartered rights, and stand forth a champion in the sacred cause of human freedom; and having herself once been a slave in Egyptian darkness, (but now emancipated,) she can buckle on her armour and gird on the helmet of truth and righteousness; and she ought never to lay aside her weapons of warfare till every member of the human family is anchor-

ed safe in the sacred harbor of universal freedom. Let women, then, arise in all the majesty of renewed womanhood, and shake herself from the dust of the degrading opinions that give a sex to morals, and let her put on the beautiful garments of righteousness, and come forth, like a bride from her closet, adorned for her husband—adorned with all those mental graces that qualify her most pre-eminently to become the friend, the companion, the help-mate for her fellow-man.

Pardon, I pray you, dear madam, the prolixity of this letter, and believe me, your sincere friend in whatever relates to the rights of woman,

VINDICATOR.

For the Lily.

Letter from Bellville.

MRS. BIRDSALL:—The Lily has again come to hand, and I find that its columns are still interesting and instructive. I have been a reader of its pages for nearly a year, and I have found it to be an able advocate of Temperance and Woman's Rights—two of the most important topics of the day. It has been said that "Westward the Star of Empires takes his way;" and it appears that the same may be affirmed of the Lily. It sprang into existence in the East; was transplanted thence to Ohio, and more recently, to Indiana—while the hand that once nurtured it, and now extends its friendly aid towards it, has removed still farther to the wide prairie regions of Iowa.

Whether the Lily has removed to a more congenial clime or not, I am not unable to say; but it has not yet lost its beauty and purity. It still advocates the cause of truth, of justice, and of human rights; and to these may be added, according to the theory of some "Woman's Rights"—I say according to the theory, for some there are, who, (judging from their language upon the subject,) consider human rights and woman's rights as two distinct propositions. *Human rights* are the rights of men. *The whole human family*, means all the men upon the face of the earth. *Woman's rights* are human wrongs. Many there are, who use language of which the above is the substance. What does such a course of reasoning argue. Let us see.

First—Man is a human being, woman is not.—Agreed. This, then, is a settled point. Let us secondly reason from analogy upon this point. Man is a finite being—God is not. He is infinite; that is, He is not finite, but above it. Woman is not human, but inhuman, or above human; consequently, as man is human, she is above him. A fact to which the Apostle Paul must have had reference when he says, "What is man that thou art mindful of him? or the son of man that thou vighest him? Thou madest him a little lower than the angels," &c. But supposing that they do not wish to take the view of the subject, but contend that *inhuman* means barbarous and cruel, (which I suppose is about the true meaning of the word,) then man, knowing as he does, his lordly nature, and the noble and exalted qualities belonging thereto, is a base traitor to his own interests, by so degenerating himself as to associate with and choose as his companions, those who are so much beneath him; unless that association was for the purpose of raising an elevating her to an equality with himself, which cannot be the case, as he is constantly crying out, "Keep her down. She has rights enough now;" and, "the cry of Woman's Rights is all a humbug." Thus we see that take hold of whichever horn of the dilemma they may, they find they have hold of the wrong one; or as the boy said, when the man asked him which of the two roads leading to Newton was the best, that "take which road he pleased, before he had got half way there, he would wish he had taken the other." Such is *human rights*.

BELL VILLE.

For the Lily.

REYNOLDSVILLE, N. Y. Feb. 24, '55.

MRS. BIRDSALL:—Dear Madam—I should be glad to advocate the dress reform through the columns of The Lily, if I were capable of enlightening, edifying, or instructing the readers of your valuable paper, and will submit the following for you to dispose of as you may think proper:

I have read of those that have experienced the benefit of the reform-dress for two and three years;

who testify in its favor in a variety of forms, and its good effects in various ways. It is a little over a year since I have been freed from whale-boned waists, and long skirts, and the result is positive good to myself. My feelings are more buoyant and cheerful, and physically, I am renewed at least ten years. In childhood I had, apparently, perfect health; but as years glided away, I had a desire to be *fashionably* dressed, and as a consequence, after a lapse of time, I found myself suffering with sick headache, lassitude, and weakness of the spine, which has troubled me much until recently.

A noted physician of our State, has said—"The men that use tobacco habitually, are practically drunk. Tobacco, has its own way of showing its deleterious and deadly influences on those who use it; but it is not the less certain, that it is a path-trodden by a drunkard—just such a drunkard as God classes with those who shall not see His kingdom. * * * * You and I may make the distinction, but it is not clear that Heaven does, for it cannot; and so it is useless for us to make it." So with these who are sacrificing their health to the "tyrant fashion;" violating their physical laws until they bring on disease and premature death, which is generally attributed to a *mysterious providence*. Are they not just as clearly guilty of suicide as they would have been had they done the deed in a *little shorter* time? Is our guilt or innocence to be determined by the *time occupied* in perpetrating an act?

Let the women of our land see to it that they draw the line of distinction where the Governor of the Universe has placed it; for the same fate awaits the drunkard and self-murderer. Some plead ignorance, while many deny the fact that they are injuring themselves; and both alike close their eyes and stop their ears against the truth—and I fear many will find, when it is too late, that they are as guilty as a large company of persons, that had bandaged their eyes and started in pursuit of some place, and not seeing clearly, had missed the *right* road, and were occasionally told of an awful precipice that lay across their way, if they continued in the same direction; but as there were so many travelling the same road, they thought they were safe; at least they would risk it, and one after another were dashed upon the rocks below the precipice, and instantly killed. The inquiry arises, were they not as guilty, having refused to see for themselves or take the warning from others, as they would have been had they seen clearly, and committed the same act. But I will close, hoping that I may see the subject discussed by some of your more able correspondents.

MARY E. PRASE.

For The Lily.

Dear Mrs. Editor:—It seems a long time since I have had the pleasure of seeing a "Lily," fresh blown from the office. I carry a few old ones with me just to revive old scenes, and cheer home reflections.

Since I wrote you, I have become a kind of wandering satellite, revolving round, and reflecting light from a greater luminary! Like Priscilla of old, I go about the world with my husband; but not as she, a teacher of "high priests in the Synagogue." Wonder why the good folks in those days did not remind her that she was out of her sphere, and send her home to tend the babies! How strange, that woman, in spite of the restraining influences of man's nice ideas of propriety, will wander off beyond the tract of her prescribed limits.

This is a beautiful village, of something over six thousand inhabitants—a miniature representation of our country. We have lawyers, doctors, priests, politicians, and *women*—with every variety of religious faith, from Catholicism, down, or rather up, to Spiritualism.

At the west end of town is a fine Theological Seminary, (Baptist,) where *young men* are educated for the ministry. We are excluded from the divine crime of being *women*! Oh! if Eve had only let the apple alone, we, too, might have had access to the heavenly altar, and supplicated the throne of grace for the forgiveness of the sins of a fallen world. What a pity that woman, in whose very being love forms so component part, and whose

soul is racked with sympathy at sight of suffering everywhere, should not have a wider field in which to exercise the venerative part of her nature!—How long, e'er we shall have atoned for mother Eve's fault, and be permitted to associate with our brother in the noble cause of a world's redemption. However, these same Baptists are said to be thoroughly anti-slavery, which is certainly a redeeming trait, and the first step toward equal rights to all. ●

Mrs. C. J. H. Nichols delivered a course of lectures here a few weeks since, with good effect. I wish others would come and keep the ball a rolling. Send them along Mrs. Editor; we ought to have an advocate of our cause in every town in the Union. I rejoice that we have so many, and as good ones now in the field, and hope for new recruits. I hail with grateful thanks every intimation leading to woman's emancipation, from her life-inherited fetters—time honored though they be, they are none the less degrading.

Our Legislature has closed its session of forty days earnest, faithful labor for the right; and much good has been done, which will be felt in after ages. A liquor law, which it is thought will draw out from his hiding place the hydra-headed monster—rum, and at one fell stroke destroy him forever, is at last given us. And Oh! how many worse than widows are chasing away the tears of sorrow with smiles, and hope, and love, and life renewed! How many despairing mothers are again looking forth with confidence to the reclaimed inebriate—the prodigal son's home returning. How many little children, with hearts grown old with sorrow, will revel once more in the sunshine of a father's love, and a happy home! Surely they have taken the bottle from their "neighbors lips," and dried up the tears of the "widow and the fatherless"—and the angels in heaven smile.

The resolutions and enactments passed in regard to the slavery question, I should think, would cast a damper on our Congressmen, and shame them into duty. Such traitors to freedom deserve just the fate they get—to be planted so deeply beneath oblivion as never to be able to rise again, until their resurrection (of principle.) Their funeral knell is sung in this State—and thanks to our Legislators, there is at least one State in the Union which shall not serve as a hunting ground for Southern bloodhounds—one State that will not issue a writ for the re-capturing of fugitives, and whose jails shall not serve as slave-pens!

Though they did not grant to woman and the black man the right of suffrage, and though they failed to do much that ought to be done, yet do they merit praise for the good they have accomplished; and we are left with enlivened hope that the day is not far distant when Michigan, as she has taken the lead in abolishing capital punishment, and refusing to return the flying bondman back to his claims, may take the lead in granting woman and the black man an equal right to "life liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

Yours, for human equality,

L. LAMPHERE.

Kalamazoo, Mich., Feb 14, '55.

OUT DOOR EXERCISES.—It is owing, mainly to their delight in out-door exercise, that the elevated classes in England reach a patriarchal age, notwithstanding their habits of high living, of late hours, of wine-drinking, and many other health-destroying agencies; the deaths of their generals, their lords, their earls and their dukes, are chronicled almost every week, at 70, 80 and 90 years.—It is because they will be on horseback, the most elegant, rational and accomplished of all forms of mere exercise, both for sons and daughters. But the whole credit of longevity in the classes must not be given to their love of field sports; it must be divided with the not less characteristic traits of an English nobleman—he will take the world easy; and could we as a people persuade ourselves to do the same thing habitually it would add ten years to the average of human life, and save many a broken heart, and broken fortune, and broken constitution.

Manners is a medal, whose reverse is insolence.

THE LILY.

RICHMOND, IND., MARCH 15, 1855

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. C. POTTER.—Your name has not been on our books; by reference, I find it should have been.

ELLEN E. BARTOW.—Papers are regularly mailed to the Ladies at Bloom P. O., Wood Co. Ohio.

J. Q. GOSS.—Shall be glad to hear from you, when it suits your pleasure and convenience.

Many thanks to L. A. STONE, of Oberlin Ohio, for a nice list of subscribers and accompanying remittances.

A CRYING EVIL—PROFANITY.

"What can be done for the boys," said a lady in our hearing, the other day. And we thought of a truth, the concern was rightly mentioned. The Christian mother may well pause in her door-way, and say how can this rank wickedness be abated? when her child cannot pass from her threshold, or look from her window to the small space of blue sky the frowning walls cannot hide, without encountering the coarsest profanity and obscenity from boys of all classes and grades.

Why is it that in our homes the girls mingle in their plays, if not always with dove-like gentleness, yet always without this shocking depravity in language, while boys in the same family, in the streets and indeed without much choice of place, have the ribald oath and coarse pert sauciness so trippingly upon the tongue!

Is the same pains taken by mothers to promote purity of thought and consequently, language, with the one sex, as with the other? We think not. The boy has a sort of license to be rude in act and language, which few mothers care to even reprove, so it is kept from offending her immediate presence. "What was that you said," queried a mother of her son. "Oh, mother," he replied, "it is too bad for you to hear." So she too probably thought, for she did not say, "my child, if it is right and proper for you to think and say, it is very proper for your mother to hear."

A boy some fourteen years old came to our well for a drink, the other day, but he could not get his heart and mouth so clean as to leave before he taught a little boy of five summers, playing there-about, a profane sentence. True, if not heard again, it will be forgotten, but the anxious query arose again and again, how can we secure purity of thought and language for our children, when impurity is so rife in our moral atmosphere. To be sure women hear but little of it, comparatively, but then she feels that it is eating at the heart of all goodness, barely hid from her touch by an often rent curtain of custom, and polluting the sacredness of home by its desecrating power. Do mothers observe sufficient rigidity with their sons as to times and places. In the evenings and the holidays, the daughter's whereabouts is always known, but this cannot be said of the son. She has her home amusements and her home pleasures, and so should he. He should be more in the home atmosphere, and less in the throng.

There is something wrong in that part of the system of domestic pupillage that keeps the little girl so many hours of the day bending over the needle, but the brother should share this branch of knowledge, and more time would then be left to her to gather strength by more active and general exercise. Evening amusements at home should more unite the little people, and the mother should not have so many pressing cares as to prevent her from leading and teaching in them. This should be a branch of domestic economy.

Ah! how much happiness is lost by these unrefined habits.

THE WOMAN'S TEMPERANCE PAPER.—Mary C. Vaughan, Editor, Angelina Fish, Associate Editor, is one of our exchanges that we really read, and that is saying much for the interest we feel always in its pages. The very finest pearls of truth are there. Its good success is well merited. It is published in New York city, and is only 50 cents a year.

We saw in the last *Lily*, published at Richmond, Indiana, a piece of poetry which appeared in this paper four weeks ago, in that sheet as original. Perhaps this is all right—but we have our doubts about it. Either the *Lily* or ourself has been imposed upon.

We clip the above from the *Templar & Waterman*.

We have published little poetry but what was sent to us as *written for the Lily*. "Honor bright." We have been studious to give just credit. We hope hereafter when articles are sent us, written originally for other papers, they will be marked as such.

Does this make "all right?"

The South Carolina Temperance Standard, from Lexington, South Carolina, comes to us with a "please exchange." Yes, gladly, for we like the looks of your pure cold water fountain, as well as the tone of your temperance talk. Simeon Corly, editor—one dollar per year.

The Wilmington (O.) Independent—a first rate newspaper—J. Wesley Chaffin, editor; \$1 50 per annum, in advance. "Eternal hostility to every form and species of tyranny over the mind of man," is the noble motto. We heartily wish it excellent success.

For the Lily.

LETTER FROM MRS. LANE.

BRACEVILLE, Feb. 19th, 1855.

MY DEAR MRS. BIRDSALL—Perhaps I should ask to be excused for addressing you thus familiarly, but I so despise the cold appellation of madam, that I seldom use it.

Your "*Lily*" comes to me bright and fragrant as in its native home—a sweet and cheering blossom, whispering words of hope and comfort to the despairing heart, inspiring the soul with higher aspirations and purer emotions.

Thankful am I that it has neither drooped nor withered in being transplanted to a far-off soil. I feared it might suffer by the change, but find myself happily disappointed, as I scan its pure white surface and well filled columns. May it ever be true to its destined mission, diffusing light and joy to its readers, and ample reward to her who toils daily to guard, protect and expand her gentle flower.

I felt sorry to have the "*Lily*" removed from the Buckeye State, for already we count too few such papers, but perchance it will yield a better compensation to its editor, and meet the encouragement that its worth demands. You may rest assured I shall (as I have ever done) do all in my power to extend its circulation, and obtain subscribers, and hope every person who has a desire to advance the cause will consider it *their* duty to do the same.

Yours, for the right,

MERCIA B. LANE.

LUCY STONE.—The Rev. A. Battles, writing to the *Gospel Banner*, from Bangor, Me., says: "Miss Lucy Stone has also been here, and spoke to immense and admiring audiences. No lecturer we have had so attracts. Her graceful delivery, and simple beauty of style, combined, with her deep earnestness of lofty thought, make her not only an attractive but a very efficient speaker. She does not convince so much by her logic as she wins by her beautiful spirit and noble utterance. Her strength lies in the depth of her affections, her chaste rhetoric, and the justice of her words. She sometimes speaks like one inspired. She is one of the most womanly women I ever knew. Her appearance on the platform has not, I should think, operated in the least to blunt that nice sense of delicacy which is one of the crowning beauties of women. Not only is she thus attractive in her public performances, but in the retirement of social life

also. In her presence, one feels the influence of a superior spirit consecrated to duty and humanity, and actuated by a lofty faith and animating charity. She is intelligent, cheerful, modest and earnest. I know some think she is out of her sphere, but for myself I feel grateful that such a noble and Christian woman is appealing to her sex, and endeavouring to arouse them to use their best powers in a way that shall be most fitting for their own development, and the elevation of their race. If Jenny Lind and Madam Sontag may pour forth their best thoughts and feelings in divine song, in the presence of applauding throngs, why may not Lucy Stone express her best thoughts and feelings in divine speech in public? Let those whose hearts are full of melody sing; let those who are not gifted with song speak, especially if they have aught to say. Let them speak when they can find an ear to hear."

For the Lily.

"So the soul, being out of sight, must suffer most."—Mrs. Sigourney.

"Take care of *here* and it will take care of *hereafter*."—Mrs. Rose.

And must soul suffer most,
Because 'tis out of sight—
And, though of HEAVEN'S own Host,
Be hid in Egypt's night?
No longer shall such doom
Oppress man's noblest part;
But here, for life to come,
Be fitted by pure heart.

Thus in this pilgrim-life,
Preparatory now,
Even in a world of strife
Let each sojourner vow—
Not as when Jephtha slew,
For sacrifice, his child,
And prov'd war promise true,
On altar—blood-defiled.

But let us vow, in peace,
To save hereafter, here;
That through innate increase,
Soul may, from flesh, appear,
No more to suffer most,
Conceal'd from mortal sight;
But burst on earth, a Host
In its celestial light.

LUKE LICHEN.

Saratoga Springs.

The editor of the Cayuga Chief (Auburn, N. Y.) writes to his paper from the West as follows:

A young well-dressed, gentlemanly appearing man, with a lovely wife and child, had journeyed on the same train with us from Buffalo. At —, in spite of the fearful protestations of his wife, he would leave the depot as he said "on business." From the wife's manner, we readily guessed what she thought his business was. For a long hour she stood with her boy in her arms awaiting his return, the tears, in spite of all her efforts, silently dropping upon the cheek of her sleeping child. He came just as the train started, drunk. He lurched towards the platform, fell upon the rail, and his head was severed from his body. Never, in life, shall we forget the expression of the wife's countenance as she stood for a moment, her features pale and ghastly, and then fell senseless upon the dead smoking form of her husband. The wail of the fatherless boy touched every heart, for not one who looked upon the scene could refrain from weeping.

We looked upon that woman as she was taken like a dead one from the headless corpse, her heavy hair cloyed with the blood that had just jetted from the pulseless heart, and felt fresh hatred against a damnable business and all its apologists and abettors.

WASHING BUTTER WITH NEW MILK.—A writer in the Boston *Cultivator*, over the signature of "Many," says he finds in a French work the following remark, and asks if any one of the buttermakers in this country have ever tried it, and if so, with what result. The remark is as follows: To procure butter of an excellent flavor and extreme delicacy, it must be washed finally with new milk. The cream of the milk is incorporated with the butter, and communicates to it its sweetness and delicacy.—[Exchange.]

The practice of washing butter with new milk is not new, or common only to France; a large trade is carried on in and about London, in very choice fresh butter. The dealers purchase in this country, butter that has been salted but is otherwise sweet. This is churned in sweet new milk, and comes out in due time a very delicious article, which is sold daily at a very high figure. It is a capital process for renovating old butter.—[Rural New Yorker.]

FLOUR.—As the principle of gluten lies immediately on the inner surface of all cereals, families are recommended to use coarse ground flour in preference to the finer qualities. Such flour will be found more healthful and nutritious, and best adapted for the formation of sound bone and muscle; and, in addition, can be purchased at a cheaper rate than the "fine extra fine" millings. A scientific writer says our teeth would last much longer and be far sounder, if we would but use the coarse ground flour.—*Friends' Intelligencer*.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

Anna White; Z. T. Petty; Mercia Boynton Lane; Peter Resor; P. L. Baker; C. Green; Alvin Smith; Elwood M. Van Tress; L. C. Downs; Ann Kirkley; J. and Hannah Cray; Y. D. Randell; Eliz. Brooks; Jane A. Simpson; Mary Clark; E. B. Windle; Narcissa Kerr; Wm. L. Bush; L. A. Stone; Mary G. Pusey; Sophia S. Finn; L. Lamphere; J. Williams Thorne.

EPHRAIM H. SANFORD,

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D. C. BLOOMER,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW AND LAND AGENT.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA.

WILL promptly attend to all legal business, entrusted to him in Western Iowa and Nebraska Territory. He will also give particular attention to the purchase and sale of lands, for farming purposes; and also of Town Lots, in Council Bluffs and other places in Iowa; and in Omaha City, Winter Quarters, Bellevue, and other towns in Nebraska Territory; the investigation of land titles, the payment of taxes for non-residents, the investment of money in real estate and all business connected with the Land Office in the district. Information in relation to the country, will be at all times freely communicated to persons addressing him on the subject, by letter or otherwise.

REFERENCES:

C. Voorhes & Co., Council Bluffs, Iowa.
S. T. Carey,
James Peck & Co., Chicago, Illinois.
Dr. C. D. Williams, Cleveland, Ohio.
Henry Haigh, Detroit, Michigan.
Hosmer Curtis, Mount Vernon, Ohio.
Hon. W. A. Sackett, Seneca Falls, N. Y.
Downs & Co.,
Hon. J. K. Richardson, Waterloo,
N. J. Milliken, Canandaigua, New York.
Hon. W. H. Seward, Auburn,
F. Chamberlain, Albany,
Alfred Conkling & Co., New York City.
OFFICE—on Pacific street, a few doors south of the *Pacific House*, and near the Land Office.
Mr. B. will be in Council Bluffs early in April, and prepared to attend to all business that may be entrusted to him.
Dec. 15, 1854.